quite nice in my lips, to blame him much for his indiscretion, as 1 myself had grazed past that very tempting snare once and only escaped getting trapped into it, by a mere chance. If a grown-up young man like me with all my education and training, could get way-laid, as it chanced with me once, what could be said of such youthful souls as Indu Bhushan, scarcely out of his teens, when they fell prey to such idiosyncrasies and committed such fatal blunders. Inscrutable are the ways of Providence and no less those of man, created after His own image; and we are liable to get deceived very easily in our calculations regarding even the very steadiest, and the most noble of souls, with reference to the figure they are destined to cut in the shifting panorama of life.

There seems to appear acute-angled corners in our life's straight path-way, so many and varied, that we seem to be in constant danger every moment of our lives, of losing sight of our common goal and the company to which we belong and have common cause

with. The Mahabharata story relating to the Pandava Maha Prasthana, seems to me to be a very suggestive example, symbolising this very idea and proves